MARVEL COMICS

#41

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DEADPOOL

PRIEST
DIAZ
HOLDREDGE

IT'S A SPACE BONANZA FILLED WITH PIRATES, ALIENS, PRISONS AND MYSTERIOUS FIGURES

CENSORED
OH DEAR--

CENSORED
--OH, MY--

CENSORED
--WHAT WERE WE THINKING?

WE'RE CALLING IT:
OPERATION DIRTY WOLFF!

DIRECT EDITION

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OK, LET'S SEE:

I WAS *STRANDED* ON BARON ZEMO'S ORBITING SPACE PLATFORM BY THE *DEADPOOL INTERNS*-- SUPER-WANNA-BEES FROM TASKMASTER'S CRIME COLLEGE--

SOMETIMES I RUN.. SOMETIMES.. SOMETIMES I HIDE... SOMETIMES I'M SCARED OF YOU...

I HEARD THE NARRATOR *NARRYING:*

"IS IT *CURTAINS* FOR THAT WILY MERC-WITH-A-MOUTH?

"*HOW* WILL HE ESCAPE?

"IS SHELLEY WINTERS AVAILABLE TO PLAY HIM IN THE *MOVIE?!*

DIE LIKE THE SCHWEIN YOU ARE!!

LITTLE-KNOWN REDUNDANT BACK-UP COMMAND PROTOCOL SET

"TUNE IN *TOMORROW*, KIDS--SAME *DEAD* TIME--

*--SAME *DEAD* CHANNEL--!

LITTLE-KNOWN REDUNDANT BACK-UP COMMAND PROTOCOL SET

--WHO LEFT ME *FAT, MIND-WIPED* AND JAMMED INTO A *DISABLED* ESCAPE POD--

--EARNING THEM AN "A" IN "CLEVER CLIFFHANGERS."

"BUT, FIRST, A WORD FROM OUR *SPONSOR*--!"

(CUE NELSON RIDDLE...)

SHROUDED IN STOLEN IDENTITIES AND CLANDESTINE SECRETS, THE MERC-WITH-A-MOUTH IS A MAN OF MYSTERY. HERO? VILLAIN? SOCIOPATH? **DEADPOOL** MAKES HIS OWN RULES AND PLAYS BY NOBODY'S GAME. HE IS AN AGENT OF CHAOS CONFINED TO A WORLD OF CONSTRICTING ORDER; BLASTING DOWN THE FOURTH WALL BRICK BY BRICK!

STAN LEE PRESENTS:

DEAD-POOL

FRAC!

OR: WHY LUCAS WON'T RELEASE SW ON DVD IS BEYOND US!

PRIEST & DIAZ
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I DIDN'T KNOW MY OWN *NAME*, BABE. DEADAIR'S *MIND-WIPE* REALLY GIVES GOOD *BUZZ*.

BUT, EVEN IN MY STUPORED, LIZ TAYLOR-ON-TWINKIE-BINGE STATE, I RECOGNIZED THE S.H.I.E.L.D. AGENTS GOING AFTER ZEMO'S PLATFORM.

WE'D TRAINED FOR THAT--FIGURED THE "GOOD" GUYS WOULD HAVE ZEMO'S PLATFORM *FLAGGED*--

--THEY SET UP A *PERIMETER*--LOOKIN' TO *PINCH* ME ON REENTRY.

THE JOKE WAS ON *THEM*, OF COURSE--

--THERE WASN'T GONNA *BE* NO DAMAGED *REENTRY*.

I WAS WAY TOO *SCRAMBLED* TO EVEN *KNOW* WHICH WAY WAS *DOWN*.

NOT TO MENTION I WAS *SERIOUSLY* PEELING OUT.

THOSE GERMANS MAKE SOME MEAN WARP ENGINES...

--UGH!! WHA--??

ALL I KNEW WAS I'D *HIT SOMETHING.*

SOMETHING *BIG.*

SOMETHING *BIG* AND *INVISIBLE.*

Y'KNOW, LIKE PUFF DADDY'S *TALENT.*

AT THE *SPEED* I WAS GOIN', I COULDN'T *STOP* THE *DEADPOOL* FROM BOUNCIN' ALONG THIS *INVISIBLE BARRIER*--- LIKE A *STONE* SKIPPING ACROSS A *POND.*

--AND I WISHED I'D LET TITANIA KEEP THIS FLIPPIN' ASSIGNMENT.

AND I *STILL* WANTED THAT *COOKIE.*

THOUGH, TO BE *FAIR*, I WAS TOO *LOGY* TO MUCH *CARE*...

BEFORE I PASSED OUT, I GOT A LOOK AT WHAT WAS *HIDING* BEHIND THAT CLOAKING FIELD---

IS THIS THE...AH... *DEAD-LOUNGE?*

SECRET HIDEOUT OF *DEADPOOL*, *TITANIA* AND *CONSTRICTOR*--- SUBLET FROM *DOCTOR OCTOPUS?*

--?! WHAT DO *YOU* THINK?!

DISCREET APPLIANCE CORP

WE DON'T ASK. WE DON'T TELL. WE DON'T CARE

I THINK, YOU'VE SEEN *ONE* VILLAIN HIDEOUT, YOU'VE SEEN *'EM ALL*, SIR.

ANY WORD ON OUR *FRIEND*, FRANK?

S.H.I.E.L.D. PICKED UP THOSE THREE *LOSERS* WITH HIM, SKEET.

ONLY A MATTER OF *TIME.*

YOU DON'T BELIEVE THAT ANY MORE THAN I DO.

WADE WILSON--OUR ROOMMATE AND TORTURER--LIVES A *CHARMED LIFE*, FRANK.

HE CHARGED ME *800 GRAND* TO WALK INTO TASKMASTER'S TRAP--

--AND, MY SOURCES TELL ME, HE SHOOK TASKMASTER DOWN FOR ANOTHER 600. HE'S *ALIVE*, FRANK, TRUST ME.

HE'S *GOT* TO LIVE LONG ENOUGH TO RUB *OUR MOSES* IN IT.

TIP THE GUYS.

WHY? WHAT'D THEY DO?

FRANK...

NO, I'M SERIOUS--WE ORDERED A FRIDGE, THEY BROUGHT THE FRIDGE, RIGHT?

FOR *THAT*, WE SHOULD PAY SOME PRESET PERCENTAGE *ABOVE* THE COST OF THE THING?

FRANK...

SKEET, THEY *CHARGED* US A *DELIVERY FEE*.

A *DELIVERY FEE*. A *FEE* FOR THE PURPOSE OF *DELIVERY*.

I'M SORRY. I JUST DON'T SEE IT. TIPPING IS A *CIRCULAR LOGIC*, LIKE A *TIME PARADOX*.

HERE YA GO, FELLAS.

TELL ANYONE WHERE WE ARE AND YOU'LL ALL BE *DEAD* BEFORE YOU CAN *SPEND* IT.

NOT TO WORRY, MA'AM--WE'RE *DISCREET*.

I'LL JUST *BET* YOU ARE, JETHRO.

HE'S COMING *BACK*, FRANK.

WITH 1.4 MILL OF *MY MONEY* IN *HIS BANK*.

AND WHEN HE DOES--HE'S GOING TO HAVE TO DEAL WITH *ME*.

I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU *DID* THAT...

HOW CAN I DESCRIBE IT BEST--?

I WAS [illegible]!!

LUCKILY I WAS STILL TOO *DIMWITTED* TO BE *SCARED.*

ALL I SAW WERE THE *PRETTY LIGHTS--*

--WAITING TO HEAR REGIS SHOUT, "WHO WANTS TO BE A MILLIONAIRE?!"

FRRRNYZZZU!!

LIGHTS THAT SUDDENLY GOT EVEN *BRIGHTER.*

I FIGURED YOU WERE GONNA POP OUT OF THE WHITENESS AND TELL ME MY LUCK HAD RUN OUT.

BUT, THE TINGLE IN MY SHINGLE SUDDENLY *REMINDED* ME--

--THAT NONE OF THIS WAS *REALLY HAPPENING.*

INSTEAD OF BEING *CONFUSED* AND *DISORIENTED*, I FIGURED, "JUST *GO* WITH IT!" SEE WHERE THE *RIDE* TAKES ME...

"GO TO THE LIGHT, *WADE WILSON*... GO TO THE..."

...MEMO TO SELF: STOP MAKING FUN OF CRASH TEST DUMMIES...

HEY--I GOT MY *MARBLES* BACK! *AND* MY *GIRLISH FIGURE* AS WELL!

THANK THE LORD. FOR AS EVERYONE KNOWS, MY *WIT* IS MY *SUPER-POWER!*

GUESS THE *TRANSPORT BEAM* FILTERED OUT--

--AH, HOW-*DEE.*

YOU FOLKS IN LINE FOR 'N-SYNC TICKETS--?

SORRY ABOUT RAMMING YOUR LITLE TUG-BOAT, HERE.

FILE ANY CLAIMS WITH BARON ZEMO OF EARTH. HE'S *DEAD*, BUT DON'T LET THAT STOP YOU.

--UH, YOU GUYS DON'T UNDERSTAND A LICK OF WHAT I'M SAYING, DO YOU?

>HRRUNFF<

<MUST BE A STRAY HUMAN, FROM THAT BACKWATER PLANET.>#

<LET'S TOSS HIM INTO SPACE AND WATCH HIM EXPLODE.>

#TRANSLATED FROM DRAXIAN. FAN-BOY. --MULTILINGUAL FRANK.

Y'KNOW I'M WILLING TO BET THIS IS A *BAD* SIGN...

TELL YA WHAT, HORN-HEAD, WHAT SAY YOU PAY ME 700 G'S AND, FOR MY PART, I DON'T STRANGLE YOU WITH YOUR CUTE LITTLE *PANTIES.*

<WHAT SAY I SPLIT YOU APART AND THE CREW PLAYS TUG-OF-WAR WITH YOUR INNARDS?>

>SIGH<

EVERYBODY'S GOT TO DO IT THE *HARD WAY.*

ALL RIGHT, MISTER SNOUT-- YOU BROUGHT THIS ON *YOUR-SELF--*

--?!?

SSSMMRRRACCKK

WHATTAMAN.

BLAM!!

OH, MAN-- THAT LOOKED LIKE THAT *HURT.*

HOPE SO.

BLAM!! BLAM!! BLAM!! BLAM!! BLAM!! BLAM!! BLAM!! BLAM!!

BLAM!!
BLAM!!
BLAM!!
BLAM!!
BLAM!!
BLAM!!
BLAM!!
BLAM!!
-CLICK!!
CLaaaaccKK-!!
JUST GREAT--
--OUT OF AMMO.
ISN'T THAT *ALWAYS* THE WAY? WHENEVER YOU'RE HAVIN' A *GOOD TIME.*
AH, WELL.. GUESS YOU KNOW WHAT *THAT* MEANS...
...GOTTA DO THIS THE *OLD FASHIONED* WAY.
WHACK
WHACK
WHACK
WHACK
WHACK
WHACK
WHACK
GEEZ, YOU'RE A *GUSHER...*
NO, NO, NO, NO, NO--MAYBE YOU DIDN'T GET THE *MEMO,* STIMEY--
--NO *BREAKS* TO *LOSERS!!*
KEERRAASSH
OK-- WHO'S NEXT!
--WHO WANTS TO LOSE AN ANTENNA--?!?
C'MON-- WHICH ONE'A YOU'S THE *HERO* LARVAE--?!
ALL RIGHT, PAL.
WHAT SAY YOU HELP ME OUT WITH A *RIDE* HOME.
>GASP< WHO...WHO ARE YOU--?!?
THE ANSWER TO YOUR FIRST QUESTION IS *SHADOW.*

WE ARE THE *LAST MEN*-- THE MOST *FEARED* BAND OF PLUNDERERS IN 12 GALAXIES.

SO I'VE NOTICED.

EVERY MAN HERE IS THE LAST OF HIS RACE. MANY BY THEIR OWN HAND!

YAH!

SO WHY ARE YOU "MOST FEARED" BOYS SNEAKING AROUND ALL *INVISIBLE*--?

WE'VE BEEN PLANNING A WAY TO *FREE* OUR *LEADER*--

--WHO'S BEEN IMPRISONED BY A GALACTIC MORAL COUNCIL KNOWN AS *THE CODE!*

HMMM... WHY DOES THAT NAME SOUND FAMILIAR?

AND Y'SAY THESE WATCHDOGS GOT YOUR BOSS DOING TIME?

NOT FOR LONG.

THERE'S THE PENAL COLONY YOU'LL BE LIBERATING HIM FROM-- *DAMNATION CITY*--

PLEASE TO EXCUSE: "YOU"--?!

WHEN DID I SIGN ON TO THIS TUB--?!?

I WAS THE *MOST FEARED.* YOU BEAT ME. YOU MUST LEAD.

SO, YOU'RE SAYING, I BROUGHT THIS ON *MYSELF*...

...HATE WHEN THAT HAPPENS...

AND IF I HELP YOU GET YOUR BOSS BACK, YOU'LL GIVE ME A RIDE *HOME*--?

WHATEVER YOU *COMMAND.*

RIGHT NOW, I COMMAND *TIC-TACS*... FOR *EVERYBODY*...

ALRIGHT, WHO *IS* THIS GUY--HE GOT A NAME?

HE HAS VARIOUS--VIOLATOR OF WORLDS, GREAT DEATHBRINGER, DADDY-KILLER, MON-TEL--

-BUT TO US, HE IS CALLED--

SKIP AHEAD A FEW HOURS, AND I'M SNEAKING INTO A *MAXIMUM SECURITY PRISON* LOCATED DEEP INSIDE A BARREN *ASTEROID.*

BULLY'S *CLOAKED SHIP* WAS *HIDDEN* FROM DETECTION, AND, HOPEFULLY, SO WAS I.

"DIRTY WOLFF"?!?
"DIRTY WOLFF"--?!

WHAT THE HECK KIND OF *LOSER* WAS I RISKING MY NECK TO *SAVE?*

I DECIDED, SOON AS I FOUND THE GUY, I'D MAKE HIM CHANGE THAT STUPID *NAME.*

ACTUALLY, *MY* BIGGEST FEAR WAS THIS *PRISONER'S* NAME.

IF I GET WHACKED, IN *DEEP SPACE,* TRYING TO SAVE SOMEBODY NAMED "DIRTY WOLFF," *HELL* JUST WOULDN'T BE *NEARLY* AS MUCH *FUN.*

WHAT THE--?! HOW'D YOU GET IN TH--?!

WACK WACK WACK WACK

--AUGH! HRRK!

Y'KNOW, BABE--THINGS WERE A *LOT SIMPLER* WHEN I HAD 'WEASEL'S *IMAGE INDUCER.*

MEMO TO SELF: TRACK WEASEL DOWN--

--BURN OFF FACE WITH *BLOWTORCH.*

I WAS HOPIN' THE TRANSPORTER BEAM RESET *EVERYTHING,* BUT *LOKI'S CURSE* WAS STILL LARGE AND IN CHARGE.

THE GLOVES ONLY HAD THREE FINGERS, AND, FROM THE *PADDING*, I SUSPECTED THESE ALIENS'--AH--FAMILY JEWELS-- WERE KEPT IN THEIR *ELBOW*.

BUT, I WAS A GUARD. WHICH ALLOWED ME TO MOVE ABOUT WITH BOTH *GRACE* AND *FINESSE*--

SILENCE.

IT'S THE LAW!

SHADDAP.

YEEJRRKK--!!

THE LAST MEN MAPPED THIS BREAKOUT WELL. I JUST HAD TO FOLLOW THEIR INSTRUCTIONS AND NOT GET *WHACKED*.

JUST LIKE LIVING WITH *TITANIA*.

FROM WHAT I WAS TOLD, DAMNATION CITY HAD INNOVATIVE METHODS OF DISCIPLINE AND REHABILITATION.

CAN YOU SAY "CRUEL AND UNUSUAL PUNISHMENT," BOYS AND GIRLS?

SCRAAAAACK

GET THE--! THESE NUTCASES ARE COMPLETELY OUT OF CONTROL!

AGH--! BITING... MY ARM--!

HANG ON! I CALLED FOR SOME BACKUP. SHOULD BE ARRIVING ANY--

SOON AS I SAW *GOAT GUY*, I KNEW HE WAS GONNA BE TROUBLE.

THINK ABOUT IT, BABE. THERE'S NO REASON FOR ANY STORY TO EVER HAVE A *GOAT GUY* IN IT UNLESS HE'S THE *TROUBLEMAKER*.

AND THIS GUY WAS NOT TO *DISAPPOINT*.

STAND AWAY FROM THE CELL, OFFICERS. WE'LL HANDLE THIS NOW.

MEN, SUBDUE THE PRISONERS AND TAKE THEM IN FOR *DEPROGRAMMING*.

HE CALLED HIMSELF *LUCIFER RASPUTIN*, AND RECORDS SHOWED HE WAS THE *WARDEN* OF THIS GALACTIC *LOCKUP*.

I SHOULDA POPPED HIM ON GENERAL PRINCIPLES.

JUST FOR BEING A *GOAT GUY*--

--BUT I WAS IN THE *HOME STRETCH*. *WOLF-BOY* WAS IN *SOLITARY CONFINEMENT*.

I FIGURED, AT THE BOTTOM OF THOSE STEPS WOULD BE SOME OF THE MOST *LETHAL* AND *IMPASSABLE* SECURITY IN THE ENTIRE *PRISON*.

I TOOK OUT THE *BIG* KNIFE.

APPARENTLY THE CODE-- WHOEVER *THEY* WERE-- WANTED DIRTY WOLFF OUT OF COMMISSION FOR GOOD.

YOO-HOO-- OH, *WUFF*-EEE...

I'M *SURE* THERE WERE INMATES DOWN THERE THE CODE'S LONG SINCE FORGOTTEN ABOUT....

HEY FELLA-- ARE YOU DIRTY WOLFF?

HOPE NOT, 'CUZ YOU ARE *WAY* DEAD!

HERE... HAVE A TIC-TAC.

TOOK A COUPLE OF SHOTS, BUT *FINALLY*-- THERE HE WAS.

MY TICKET *HOME*, COME TO *POPPA*--

WOW... WHO'DA THUNK IT.

NICE TO MEET YOU, *TOO*, MR. PRESLEY.

--DIRTY WOLFF!

MISTER... *AH*... WOLFF--?

WHAT'S IT *TO* YA--? YOU GOT A SINGIN' TELEGRAM?

YEAH. THE SONG'S "*STAND BY YOUR ALBINO!*" BACKSTREET BOYS, I THINK.

C'MON IN *HERE*, YA LOUSY *SCREW*. I GOT A SONG FOR *YOU*.

COOL. ANYTHING BUT BRITNEY SPEARS WILL DO!

LOOK, WOLFIE, I'M NO COP. I'M HERE TO BUST YOU OUT.

WHAT DO YOU CARE? ANYTHING OUTSIDE THAT DOOR IS DEFINITELY A STEP UP, YES?

OR T'SET ME UP--

SHHHH

IT'S LEGIT. YOUR FRIENDS, THE LAST MEN, HIRED ME--

SORT OF

DEFINITELY A SETUP, THEN.

I PUT A BUNCHA LOCALS DOWN ON MY WAY IN. WE'VE GOT A CLEAR TRAIL BACK TO THE SEWER PIPE AND OUTTA--

WRONG. I AIN'T GOIN' NOWHERE WITHOUT MY BIKE!

AND LESS THROUGH ANY STINKIN' SEWER!

YOU ACT AS THOUGH (A) YOU HAD A CHOICE, OR (B) YOU WERE CALLIN' THE SHOTS HERE.

CHECK ME, WHITE BOY: I WANDER OUT AN AIRLOCK, AND YOU'RE BACK IN THE CAGE.

THAT'S BIG TALK FOR SOMEBODY WHO'S LIKE A SANDWICH TO ME.

OKAY, PUPPY CHOW, TELL YA WHAT: FIRST GUY WHO CAN STAND ON HIS OWN IS IN CHARGE, 'KAY?

YOU FIRST.

>GHRRR< HURTS TA WALK. FEEL LIKE I'VE BEEN KICKED IN THE POCKETS.

WELL, I'D OFFER TO CARRY YOU, BUT THEN WE'D HAVE TO GET MARRIED.

LAUNDRY ROOM'S THIS WAY--

TOLDJA, I AIN'T LEAVIN' WITHOUT MY HOG!

BESIDES, THEY'RE *BOUND* TA NOTICE THE *MESS* YA LEFT BEHIND.

I'LL SHOW YA HOW TO *REALLY* BREAK OUTTA THE BIG HOUSE!

I DUNNO, MR. WOLFF.

I'M THINKIN' MAYBE I *WHACK* YOU OVER THE HEAD AND TELL YOUR PALS REGIS PHILBIN DID IT.

KEEP THINKIN', BOZO. I GOTCHA *PHILBIN* RIGHT *HERE*.

SNACK BREAK.

--WELL... *THAT* WAS NEW...

NOT *ENUFF*-- WE'LL *NEVER* MAKE IT UNLESS I *RECHARGE* MY *BATTERIES*--

AGAIN WITH THIS "WE" CRUD! WHAT *IS* IT WITH YOU PEOPLE?!

MAKE YOU A DEAL: WHAT SAY *I* GO BACK TO THE SHIP WHILE *YOU* LICK MY *BOOTS* ON THE WAY OUT?

JUST GET ONNA *SWITCH*.

...AND THEY CALL *ME* PSYCHOTIC...

HAH-- THIS *[illegible]* NOTHIN' MORE THAN A LITTLE PICK-ME-UP.

GET ONNA *SWITCH*.

SUIT YOURSELF, YOU CRAZY DOG--

AT THAT POINT I REALIZED WHY I WORKED *SOLO*.

ROCK AND *ROLL*, BABY!!

LOW

MODERATE

EXTRA CRISPY

CHARCOAL

SO THERE WAS *GOOD* NEWS AND *BAD* NEWS.

THE *GOOD* NEWS WAS WOLFF REGAINED HIS STRENGTH AND ENERGY, WHICH MEANT WE COULD *RUN FASTER.*

THE *BAD* NEWS WAS WE'D ACTUALLY HAVE TO.

EMERGENCY, EMERGENCY-- POWER'S DOWN AND WE CAN'T CONTAIN THE PRISONERS!

WE'VE GOT A HOSTILE SITUATION. REQUESTING REINFORCEMENTS--

THAT WAS GREAT! FEEL LIKE A NEW MAN!

CHAR-BROILED OR ROTISSERIE--?

LOOK, DOGBERT-- THIS LITTLE DETOUR'S GONNA *COST US.*

METHINKS THE *CAPER'S BLOWN!*

QUIT *YER WHININ'!* THIS--

--IS ALL PART OF THE PLAN.

KILL HIM!!

KILL!!

SWARM!! SWARM!!

HE ATE A CAT!!

YEAH--

--YEAH--

--YEAH, YOU CREEPS--

--LET'S GET THIS PARTY STARTED!

BZZZAP!

BZZAAP!

BWAAAHAHAHAHAHAHA--!!

THAT THE BEST YOU GOT?!?

'SCUSE ME...PARDON ME...COMIN' THROUGH...

YEEAAH, BABY!! C'MON, BABY!!

IT WASN'T *MY FIGHT.*

I WASN'T ABOUT TO *MAKE* IT MY FIGHT.

THWACK

KEERAAK

LOONEY *ASHFACE* WANTS TO BEAT EVERYBODY UP. WHAT WAS *I* SUPPOSED TO DO?

I WAS OUTTA THERE.

EMPHASIS ON "WAS."

WHAT THE CAP'N CRUNCH--?

THE SHIP...

...THE *INVISIBLE* ONE...

...MY RIDE *HOME*...

...BLOWN TO *BITS*...

I *KNEW* I SHOULDN'TA TOOK THIS GIG. I *KNEW* I SHOULDN'TA TOOK THIS GIG. I *KNEW* I SHOULDN'TA TOOK THIS GIG. I *KNEW* I SHOULDN'TA TOOK THIS GIG.

HEY--!!

--WELCOME TO THE TRAPPIN' PARTY, PAL!!

THIS CLIFFHANGER GETS A "D"...

NEXT:

DEADPOOL QUESTIONS THE SILENCE IS GOLDEN POLICY. HIS FIRST ANSWER IS **SHADDUP!**

DEADPOOL

FRANK DUNKERLEY
ASSISTANT EDITOR

BOB HARRAS
CHIEF

Dear Marvel,

Part of the appeal of the DEADPOOL book for me has always been its ability to make me laugh one moment and then be touched the next. Of course, the scenes with Wade trying to disfigure himself were hysterical, albeit disturbing. But then I was actually moved by the scene immediately following it at the cemetery. And, of course, the phone call with Theresa was just tragic. Nothing like "Death of a Salesman" for a pick-me-up! At least, watching it with Wade's color-commentary. That unique blend of tragedy and humor is crucial to this book's appeal. It's pretty obvious that Chris is right at home! Of course, Wilson's interim costume was to die for. I wasn't sure at first if it was Deadpool or Rick Jones from the end of Avengers Forever! Of course, my compliments to Paco and Jon for bringing it all to life. DEADPOOL isn't your typical super-hero book and I'm sure that drawing his adventures makes for a more interesting challenge. Thanks for meeting it yet again!

Scot W. Myers
Charleston, SC

We're doing our best, Scot. Glad you spotted the serious subtext underneath all that wacky humor. And we wouldn't really call that an "Interim" costume (gosh, we hate that word), but more of a "Deadpool hasn't done his laundry and went and got his suit destroyed" costume. Hope you liked the equally wacky explanation.

To Marvel,

I'm a new fan of DEADPOOL and I'm having so much fun! This is the Marvel book I look forward to each month now. Priest's writing hits home with my own sense of humor. Bugs vs. Dracula!!! I love it! When I need to relax and laugh, and all around feel good about a comic, DEADPOOL's what I'm reaching for. Keep doing what you're doing.

Adam Teachout
(Address Withheld By Request)

The rabbit won.

Dear Deadlines,

NO! NO! NO! NO! I realize that with the new crew and everything things will be different. However, if the stories continue the way that they are, a lot of loyal fans will go the way of Wade's duffle-bag labeled — "Everything that made this comic work." DEADPOOL is about a Merc who is trying to improve himself and do the right thing, not about a Merc being a mere Merc or villain. The new rebooted powers are mildly interesting, especially the new face. But, this is one gag that can get very old very fast. Still, some things still work: the humor is still present, as is the violence. Especially in the Russian Tea Room scene. Good use of Grey Gargoyle, Red Ghost, and Unicorn in the cameos. I suppose that place is the upscale version of "The Bar(s) With No Name" for super-villains?

Finally, since when has Constrictor lost most of his hair and needed glasses? The last time I saw him unmasked, Frank still had a full head of hair and no glasses (unless he wore contacts). Oh well, good luck and I hope this improves.

PS. How about a crossover between Deadpool and your direct competitor's character Lobo? It could work.

Scott Bobnick
Burnsville, MN

Well, Scott, we could come up with some wacky remark about that whole Frank issue, so we will — hmm, maybe that isn't the real Constrictor. Think about it.

And as for the direct competition's character — it's funny you should mention it. Yeah, funny. Uh, how about a visit from Marvel's very own crazy albino. Wonder if you know who we mean?

Dear Deadmen,

Issue #38 was another mindless chapter in the travesty that is Deadpool's life and I couldn't be happier. My favorite selections in ridiculousness were the "classic" Die Spinne costume from Spider-Man vs. Wolverine and the fact that D-Pool, Constrictor and Titania are gonna rent Doc Ock's apartment. Does the Absorbing Man know about this?

Keep up the good fraggin' work!

Terence Connors
Rochelle Park,NJ

Nice eye, catchin' the Die Spinne suit, Terence. And hey, has anybody told Crusher what he's missin'?

Deadpool,

I just got done reading issue #38 and I have to say that this book has the potential to become one of my favorites. This happened to be the first issue of DEADPOOL that I've ever read, but I'm familiar with the character via his appearances in X-Force.

I think that the best thing about this comic is the humor. I found it hilarious the way 'Pool tried to re-scar his face. Wade's temporary costume really cracked me up too. Anyway, I think that Priest and Diaz are doing a great job so far (judging by this one issue, of course).

Also, I don't think that a few crossovers could hurt either. Personally, I'd like to see Wade pay a visit to X-Force again. I didn't like the way that Deadpool's conversation with Siryn went over the phone. A battle I've been waiting to see for a long time is an all-out brawl between Deadpool and Juggernaut. Tell me these two couldn't create a warzone together.

Well, that's all I have to say, so I'll close by letting you know that you have a new reader in me.

Kevin McCoy
(Address Withheld By Request)

Welcome aboard, Kevin. Lucky guy — reads one issue, writes one letter, and wham — here it is in print. Anyway, we don't have anything planned as of yet for a collision with X-Force, but with comments like yours, that could change quite quickly. Plus, it's obvious that 'Pool has a soft spot for that Irish lass. We asked Deadpool about busting it up with Juggernaut and we haven't seen him since. Thanks a bunch for the suggestion.

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IF YOU DON'T WANT YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS PRINTED, PLEASE LET US KNOW. LETTERS MAY BE EDITED FOR CONTENT AND LENGTH.

MARK E-MAIL "OKAY TO PRINT"

NEXT ISSUE:

IN THIRTY DAYS DEADPOOL SPEAKS NO EVIL. A STORY BROUGHT TO YOU BY GUEST WRITER GLENN HERDLING AND ARTIST JIM CALAFIORE.

BEAST CHARMING
Perenially purveying a plenitude of purty, prettified pictures to my peerless pals!
HUMBLE CONTRIBUTOR TO #THECOMICRACK
Queries? Requests? Contact me at BeastCharming@yahoo.com
Pledged to scan all series great and small...